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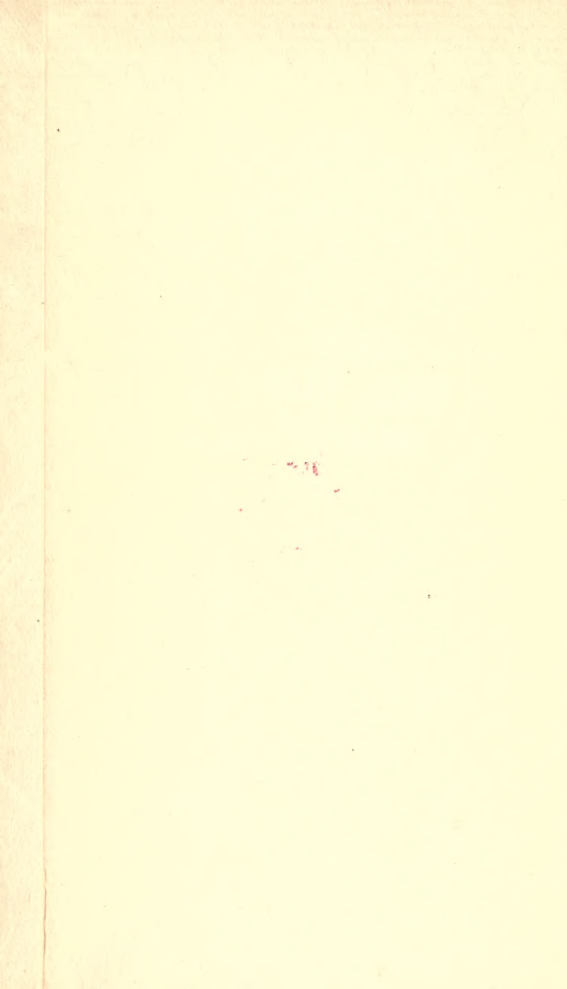
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MORE FERVENTLY

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TO
MY DEAR FATHER

WHO DIED SUDDENLY AT SAN SEBASTIAN,
FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 24, 1911,
FORTIFIED WITH THE LAST RITES
OF HOLY CHURCH.

(THE WRITER ASKS A MEMENTO FOR HIM IN THE
PRAYERS OF HER READERS.)

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INTRODUCTION

THIS little book contains the conversation of Jesus with the soul of His servant. He adapts Himself to her needs, inviting her loving confidence by knocking at her door, asking for admittance. He says that, if she will allow Him to come in, He will speak to her and tell her many wonderful secrets. He promises, too, to be her dearest and most intimate Friend. She must not refuse His visit, because, though she may save her soul, her life

Introduction

neither here nor hereafter will be so sweet as if she allows Jesus to take full possession of her; and this He will surely do if she will only open the door to Him at His loving call.

JESUS, MY FRIEND

JESUS AND THE SOUL

PART I

JESUS, MY FRIEND

I.

JESUS: My child, I have something to say to thee. I am so glad thou hast admitted Me into thy little soul, where I can tell thee all My secrets, and where I can teach thee how to love and serve Me more fervently. I wish thee to give Me thy confidence, and then I will help thee in all thy necessities; indeed, in the smallest things thou askest of Me.

Jesus and the Soul

The Soul: Jesus, I am glad Thou hast come to me, and I welcome Thee most lovingly. How I wish Thou couldst always be with me! Yet, though Thou art ever present, my thoughts stray far from Thee; temptations trouble me; duties distract and sorrows weary me. But I know now that I can place these all before Thee, and whilst Thou art listening, Thou wilt give me Thy sympathy, Thy grace, and Thy tenderest love. How glad I am to have found such a Friend! Oh, feed my soul with Thy spiritual Presence, that I may ever love Thee, sweet Lord, and have light and grace to do Thy blessed Will.

Mary, keep Him ever with me!

Jesus, my Friend

My Jesus, mercy. (100 days' indulgence.)

II.

Jesus: Yes, I understand thee quite well, My child. I know how difficult it is to separate thyself from the world and to hearken to Me; but this thou wilt be able to do with perfect ease if thou wilt but let Me act and think for thee. I know that thou hast many duties to perform, and that thy mind cannot always be centred on Me. But if thou wilt offer Me thy daily actions, thou wilt then, indeed, be thinking of Me, and, what is better still, proving thy love for Me. Wilt thou, therefore, offer to Me thy whole life, all that

Jesus and the Soul

thou sayest and doest, and all that thou wouldst like to do in order to please Me? In a word, wilt thou give Me thy whole self? Then I shall have complete command over thee, and thou wilt have nothing to fear.

The Soul: Jesus, I will do this willingly. From this hour I give Thee my heart to keep for ever, and I am so anxious that it shall be entirely Thine that I beg Thee to lock it up in the Tabernacle with Thee, so that Thou canst watch over it morning and night, and let the Angels whisper to Thee its tender pleading for mercy, pardon, and grace.

Mary, give now my heart to

Jesus, my Friend

Jesus, and may it, by thy prayer,
ever abide with Him.

Heart of Jesus, in Thee I trust.
(300 days' indulgence.)

III.

Jesus: Thou fearest temptations? They shall not overpower thee if thou wilt always have recourse to Me. Am I not always near to help thee, and do I not well know thy weakness and thy need? Can I not still the tempest by a word, as I bade the waves be calm in answer to Peter's prayer? But if thou shouldst fall away, return quickly to Me, for My Heart is ever ready to receive thee and grant thee pardon. Fear nothing, though all is darkness and thou

Jesus and the Soul

art desolate. It is then that I am even closer to thee. Believe, trust, and thou shalt not fail.

The Soul: Jesus, this is sweet consolation. My temptations make me fearful even of my own salvation. My mind hath often become very troubled, because I have greatly sinned, and because I am weak and so easily fall. But since Thou art always with me, why should I fear? Alas! it is my own *self* that I dread even more than my enemy. Without Thee how miserable I am! If Thou leavest me to myself, how quickly do I lose Thy sweet grace to heed the voice of the tempter! But Thou hast promised to be ever near, and even if I fall Thou

Jesus, my Friend

wilt pardon me. O Jesus, let not Thy pardon be necessary! Prevent me from sinning against Thee, and this Thou canst do, since I have given Thee my heart to keep for ever.

Mary, bind me to Him so closely that I can never lose Him. The strength of thy powerful prayer will be the cord which will attach my heart to His, and then I am safe.

Sweet heart of Mary, be my salvation. (300 days' indulgence.)

IV.

Jesus: Since I possess thy heart, My child, what can disturb its peace and happiness? Thy every care shall be Mine, and I will help thee in all thy

Jesus and the Soul

undertakings. Thy daily duties, therefore, shall not rob thee of Me; on the contrary, in them thou shalt possess Me the more, for I will direct thy actions and relieve their monotony by My assistance, and by filling thee, from time to time, with the sweet thought of My Presence. Thus, no labour will oppress thee, so long as thou lookest to Me for help. And even if words fail thee, thy silent trust shall be thy loving prayer.

The Soul: Jesus, how easy everything hath become to me now! Before Thou spakest these words I was tired and distracted with the tasks that were laid before me. But now Thou art here to help me, and

Jesus, my Friend

I am at peace. In future, I will give Thee charge over all my actions, begging Thee to accept them for the relief of the Holy Souls in Purgatory and the conversion of sinners.

Mary, offer to Jesus my daily actions. They will be precious to Him received from thy loving hands.

Our Lady of Good Studies, pray for us. (300 days' indulgence.)

V.

Jesus : My child, even the thought of the Cross is a trial to many souls, but I do not reproach them for shrinking from it. Did not My own human nature suffer the agony of *dread*

Jesus and the Soul

when I prayed in the Garden of Gethsemani, and did not I beseech the Father to let this Chalice pass from Me? But, recognizing His will and man's great necessity for My Passion and Death, I accepted it willingly and cheerfully. Learn here thy lesson, My child.

The Soul: Yea, my Lord, since Thou hast suffered for my sake, I will bear a little tribulation for Thine. Thou shalt not suffer alone, for I will help Thee carry Thy Cross, if Thou wilt only help me. Pain will then become easy to me. But if I do not feel Thee near me at the moment I call upon Thee, I will believe that Thou art still with me, testing my faith, my love,

Jesus, my Friend

my fidelity. If I am patient and trustful, my cross will become my eternal crown, and I shall find happiness in it even during my earthly sojourn. Never let me doubt Thee, nor Thy pity, nor tenderest love of me. I believe Thou wilt never forsake me.

O Mary, my dear Mother, pray hold my hand when sorrow comes upon me. Close by thy side I know I shall not faint nor fail, for lo! I shall be near thy Jesus.

Our Lady of Compassion, Mary, Mother of all Christians, pray for us. (300 days' indulgence.)

Jesus and the Soul

VI.

Jesus: Above all, My child, thou must lead a life of prayer, for each time thou prayest thou drawest nearer to Me, and I to thee, bringing thee an increase of light and grace. How dull is the world without Me! What pleasure lasteth, or happiness endureth, away from Me? The bright-winged butterfly does not fade more quickly than earthly joy and gaiety. But she whose life is strengthened by prayer is never lured away by the false world, as dangerous to her soul as the bright light which dazzles the poor moth, seeming to invite it to happi-

Jesus, my Friend

ness, whereas it finds therein its own destruction !

Prayer is the first gate of Heaven. Through that strong portal of faith thou canst see within thy spirit the smile of Jesus. Thou canst taste His sweetness in the consolation which fills thee. Thou canst hear His voice in the gentle pleading within thy conscience, when thou art tempted to leave Him, but prayest for strength to resist. Thou canst enjoy something of that eternal felicity promised thee when thou receivest Him in Holy Communion. Speak, and I will give thee what thou askest.

The Soul : Jesus ! Jesus !
How quickly I fly to Thee, like

Jesus and the Soul

a poor little bird which knows no safer shelter than its mother's wing. Thy Heart is my nest; Thy voice, my best, my truest happiness. Yes, I know that without prayer my poor soul cannot live, nor love Jesus, her faithful Friend. I will, then, lift up my voice to Thee, and Thou wilt heed me; Thou, Who hast said, "Ask, and thou shalt receive; seek, and thou shalt find; knock, and it shall be opened unto thee." Oh, my heart yearns for Thee, sweet Jesus! Let me stay with Thee for ever, and if I must take my part in the world, may it be in Thy sweet Company!

Jesus, Mary, be my lifelong companions.

Jesus, my Friend

O Heart of Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament, have mercy on us. (300 days' indulgence.)

VII.

Jesus: My child, I know, as long as thou livest thy body, as well as thy soul, will fall sick. This is the result of human nature, which is subject to many maladies. Pain will sometimes afflict thee, crushing thy spirit and depressing thee. Child, lift up thy head, thy suffering is only temporary. Soon it will pass away; soon it shall be healed. And whilst thou seekest earthly remedies, which I have provided for thee, think of Me compassionating thy sickness.

Jesus and the Soul

The Soul: Oh, my sweet Jesus! no mother sympathizes more tenderly with her child than Thou with me. Thou wilt help me bear my pain; I have only to call Thee. But if the pang is sharp and no relief comes to me, I will hope on in patience, for Life is but a short day, and Heaven eternal. When I have passed away and reaped my reward, I shall realize how small was the pang which cost me such bitter tears. Yes. I will be of good heart, for Thou wilt ever hold me safely in Thy arms, where I shall find rest, even in the midst of my agony.

Mother of Sorrows! Who so kind, so loving, as thy Jesus and thee? Who so compassionate?

Jesus, my Friend

I will endure my sufferings for love of Ye who cherish me so tenderly.

Our Lady of Lourdes, pray for us. (300 days' indulgence.)

VIII.

Jesus : Yes, I know thou hast so much to say to Me that thy mind is oftentimes overburdened in prayer. Thy own needs and of those nearest and dearest to thee are numerous. Thou canst scarcely remember all that thou wouldst ask Me. And then My silence wearies thee, thou canst not hear My voice, and though I grant thee many favours there are others which I have not given thee. Be patient ; I do not give all at once, because it is

Jesus and the Soul

good to be exercised in patience, thus giving thee a more solid faith, a stronger hope, and truer love. Who so sincere as she who *trusts* her Friend? There are some things which I cannot grant thee, because it is not expedient for thee that I do so. Nevertheless, I will hear thy prayer in a better and wiser manner. So pray on, for I will ever heed thee. I love to hear thy voice, thy simple confidence pleaseth Me greatly.

The Soul : O Jesus, how sweet Thou art! I love to tell Thee all my needs, for I am confident that Thou wilt hear me, despite my unworthiness and past sins. Pardon them, dearest Lord! and grant me

Jesus, my Friend

what Thou wilt. I will speak to Thee at all times. I will not wait to seek Thee in church, or at the usual time of prayer. Nay, I need not even speak ; my sigh alone moveth Thy Heart. Thou longest to give me what I ask of Thee. In future, when petitions have long remained unheeded, I will say, "Jesus *remembers*, and will give me all that I need."

My dear Mother, hasten to offer my needs to Jesus. How graciously will He listen to thee !

Our Lady of the Sacred Heart, pray for us. (100 days' indulgence.)

Jesus and the Soul

IX.

Jesus : My child, thou hast confided to Me many things, and now I would enter into thy secret heart, that little cell of thy soul which thou hast shut away from the eyes of the world. Nothing therein is hidden from Me ; all is open and clear to Me as a book. Indeed, I understand this sacred hermitage better than thee.

Every day I have watched the growth of thy soul, marking its advancement in grace, its own silent aspirations, its weaknesses, failures, and temptations. Do not be afraid, My child, I will not reproach thee. Let Me stay here and set thy

Jesus, my Friend

soul in order. I will destroy the weeds which choke the sweet blossoms of graces I have bestowed upon thee. I will bind the failing plant close to My Heart. Grafted from the Tree of Life, thy fair rose-tree shall live eternally. I will teach thee how to love Me and hold Me dearest and best on earth. I will oppose that which hinders this love—driving out the Evil One, curing the malady which endangers the life of that sweet virtue. Out of this bounteous plant branches shall extend, bearing upon them the blossoms of confidence, humility, piety, purity, amiability, resignation, and others.

Admit Me, then, into thy quiet

Jesus and the Soul

hermitage, My child, that inner recess of thy soul, where I will refresh, cure, pardon, and sow fresh seeds of virtue. Come, dearest, and delay not. This hour is so precious. If thou sayest, "Wait, Lord, till to-morrow," I may find thee too worldly to attend to Me. Put not off the visit of thy loving Friend.

The Soul : Yes, come quickly, Jesus. I want Thee now. Leave me not, leave me never, for without Thee I shall die. Enter my little cell ; look at everything there. It is so untidy, and some of the blossoms are fading. But Thy dear Hand will lift their drooping heads, and the sweet breath of Thy grace will revive them. Then when all is finished

Jesus, my Friend

Thou canst take Thy repose there, resting Thy Head amidst the lilies—so dear to Thee, for they are the symbol of Thy Mother's Immaculate Heart. But naught is mine, and if I cull one blossom and claim it as my own, it will fade, and a dark worm will feed upon its beauty. Let me, therefore, beware of *taking to myself* the gifts of Jesus. No, I will leave them in His Hands, to sow, to refresh, to prune, to cull, to keep for ever.

And the rose of my love He will hold in His Hand, that it may never seek aught but Him, but lie wistfully in His wounded palm, till He has plucked it from its slender stalk and carried it to His kingdom.

Jesus and the Soul

Mary, come into my cell also. Thou, sweet Virgin, shalt tend my flowers. Jesus will look on them more tenderly if *thou* art near. He will love them for thy sake. How fair a bower Jesus and Mary will make in my poor soul !

Jesus ! Mary ! (300 days' indulgence.)

JESUS, MY LOVER



PART II

JESUS, MY LOVER

I.

JESUS: My child, there was a huge stone blocking the entrance of thy hermitage, which I have rolled away for thee. Nevertheless, the enemy will seek every means of bringing it back again, thus preventing My entrance therein ; but if thou wilt listen to what I have to say to thee, thou wilt be able, by My grace, to diminish the size of this stone, until it is no larger than a pebble. And if the Evil

Jesus and the Soul

One should cast it amidst thy gentle flowers, turn to Me, and I will expel it from thence.

The name of this stone, My child, is "The World." The devil rolls it before thy hermitage, and thine own weak flesh permits it to remain there. But since thou hast desired Me to visit thee, thy good-will hath loosened this barrier and weakened the power of the Evil One, and now that I have put him to flight, let us talk together. When I said, "The World," I did not mean thy necessary part in it, but all its false maxims and teachings, which are ever against Christ and His Church. It will tell thee that I am a hindrance to

Jesus, my Lover

thee, and will stir up thy self-love by pointing out the weariness and monotony of prayer, the uselessness of sacrifice, the need of wealth and prosperity. It will give thee right to commit sin. It will make thee dread the ill-humour of thy fellow-creatures, and in many other ways will seek to claim thy attention. But say to thyself: "The *World* is my hindrance to Christ, Who loves me, and wishes to fill me with His grace. Prayer is the only means of conversation with Him, and if sometimes my eyes are weary, my voice faint, He hears me all the same, and will give me success in life, according to His Will."

The Soul: Yes, Jesus, I know

Jesus and the Soul

Thou wilt not permit me to leave Thee if I depend on Thee for help, rather than the World, which will one day perish, but Christ never. Since Thou tookest delight in the "folly of the Cross," which the world rejects, I will cling to it, knowing that Thou didst die upon it to save me, and that I must die to my self-love in order to receive Thy most precious graces. I will not fear to suffer, for Thou wilt only give me as much as I can bear. It is fear that gives me pain, not the Cross itself. Help me, then, Jesus, to bear my daily cross, for it will strengthen me, and insure my happiness on earth and hereafter.

Jesus, my Lover

Mary, guard me from this stumbling-block, "The World," which, alas! I shall encourage if I consent to the prompting of my own self-love. Henceforth, I will follow Jesus and thee.

My God and my All! (50 days' indulgence.)

II.

Jesus: My child, I have placed things in the World for thy benefit and enjoyment, such as food, light, warmth, and friendship. These thou must share with thy fellow-creatures, thanking Me, the Giver of all. But knowing that Time and Man must pass away, and that human hearts are frail and changeable, I have given thee My Sacred

Jesus and the Soul

Heart to be the Kingdom wherein thou shalt dwell on earth. This is thy secure refuge. Here thou shalt find peace amidst the noise and ceaseless cares of the World. Here I will teach thee how to love Me and increase in virtue. And whilst thou abidest therein, whilst thou hidest in My Bosom, behold ! the blossoms in thy garden will bloom and offer Me their sweet fragrance, and thou shalt take no worldly concern in them by yielding to any unworthy praise, for too deeply shalt thou be hidden within this safe Abyss of Love. Come, then, My child, come into My Heart !

The Soul : Lord, I hasten to Thee without delay. I am all

Jesus, my Lover

Thine, since Thou art all mine.
The thought of my need of
humility hath often afflicted
me, for I know how much I
fall short of this precious virtue.
But in Thy Heart I shall be
quite safe from the enemy, who
ever seeks to draw me away by
his idle flattery. Help me to
depend solely upon Thee for
the smallest gift which I desire
to possess, and which Thou
desirest to give me. All that
I have to do is to open my
heart to receive it. When it is
there, guard it ever, and this
Thou wilt surely do, since my
dwelling-place is Thy Divine
Heart.

Sweet Heart of Mary, beat
close beside me, that I may

Jesus and the Soul

gather the heat of thine own love to offer to my Jesus.

Our Lady of the Sacred Heart, pray for us. (100 days' indulgence.)

III.

Jesus : Child, I am thy tender Lover. Who shall measure My affection for thee ? It had no beginning, for it ever was ; it ever shall be, for it hath no end.

Thou, child, hast only loved Me from the time thou first knewest Me, but thou art destined to love Me for ever, if thou wilt serve Me faithfully. Wouldst thou love Me more ? Ah, yes ; and I will help thee. Have I not already said, " Thou shalt hold Me dearest and best

Jesus, my Lover

on earth ;" and since it is I Who have increased thy desire of affection towards Me, I will complete the grace which I have breathed into thy soul. What fearest thou ? Some difficulty or hindrance to our friendship ? Who or what shall oppose thy Lord and God ? Thou darest sin ? That is already a sign of approaching virtue, for if thou wishest not to offend Me thou wilt not do so, by My grace. Love Me, child, and leave the rest to Me. I have My arm around thee ; thou shalt not lose Me. In a little while I will show thee the charms of My love. Then, when thy poor heart is captivated it shall become My dear prisoner for evermore.

Jesus and the Soul

The Soul: O Jesus! what a sweet rose-tree Thou hast given me, by the very gift of my own love for Thee! Certainly it is not mine. Its buds shall peep forth at my every sigh of affection. Yet these sighs are Thine. Sweet roses shall bloom—the roses of Thy own love grown out of my heart. No, this gift is not mine; therefore tend it for me. Clasp it in Thy Hand, as Thou hast promised. I would that my *whole self* could enter into that sweet plant. Receive, at least, my desire, and bless it.

Mary, love Him for me and with me. My love, united with thine, will insure eternal life to my rose-tree.

Sweet Heart of Jesus, be

Jesus, my Lover

Thou my love. (300 days' indulgence.)

IV.

Jesus: My child, there is something which I would ask thee to deny thyself for My sake; it is sin. Yes, the devil will show thee enjoyment in many things which are against My wish. He will also strive to embitter thee against the hardship of self-denial. He will wage war within thee, stirring up thy senses against the law of God. But, child, ask thyself, what is the result of sin? Is it not punishment—either in this world or in the next? What is a moment's pleasure compared with the loss of Me even for a time—that is to

Jesus and the Soul

say, when thou art purged in Purgatory, where the pains exceed those experienced on earth. Strive to abstain from venial faults by offering Me tiny voluntary sacrifices, and thy good-will and affection for Me, thus manifested, will draw from Me a stronger grace with which thou wilt be able the better to battle against temptation. Habit overcomes habit ; and, moreover, thou wilt grow to love Me more dearly. My child, reflect on this, and remember that I ask naught of thee but thy own pure love.

The Soul : Jesus, Thou art condescending indeed ! What need hast Thou of my tiny deeds of love ? How sweet Thou art to invite me even to love Thee—

Jesus, my Lover

so good a God ! It is like the mighty ocean drawing into its waters the tiny pebbles, and yet the ocean seeks them without needing them. Take my little pebbles, Thou wondrous Sea of Love ! I will cast them into Thy Bosom. They are so trifling, these acts of mine, that men will despise them, but not the God-made Man. It is incomprehensible to think that He should *stoop* to gather them into His wounded palm and treasure them because they have come out of the heart of His poor creature.

“ I thank Thee for them, not Thou *me*
For they are graces lent by Thee !
O Mary, let them e'er abide
In the Heart of Jesus Crucified !”

Jesus and the Soul

Jesus, my God, I love Thee
above all things. (50 days' in-
dulgence.)

V.

Jesus : I have said with truth,
“Blessed are the pure of heart,
for they shall see God.” Dear
child, I will make thine pure as
the lily if thou desirest to hate
sin and abide in the Heart of thy
Bridegroom. Thou hast now
become so frail a blossom that
the breath of the world shall not
taint thee. My Mother shall be
thy protectress, and will shield
thee from the attacks of the Evil
One. Fear him not, for he will not
find thee. Art thou not hidden
beneath her blue mantle, which
is more powerful than his entire

Jesus, my Lover

kingdom ? His cry may be heard by thee ; his persuasive word ; his mocking laughter ; his derision. But heed him not. He is only like a great dog which can bark but not injure thee. Lie still, My lily, for thou art Mine. I will fill thy poor heart with the dew of My grace, and when thou droopest I will refresh thee. Trust Me, that is all I ask.

The Soul : O Jesus ! I long to be pure and free from sin. But sometimes I have not this desire. When it is not in my heart, give it back to me, for Thou knowest that this gift is Thine. Without the sweetness of Thy grace my life is weary. Feed me daily, Lord, that I may not yield to

Jesus and the Soul

temptation, nor grow despondent, nor sleep in idleness. For I am inclined to be heavy and sluggish. Yes, I would be pure as the Lily of the Valley—Thy sweet Mother. Cleanse me from my stains, therefore, and renew Thy grace within me.

Dear Mary, Mirror of Chastity! I will gaze in thy bright reflection, until my own soul, by the power of thy prayer, shall reflect thy own purity.

Blessed be the Holy and Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin Mary! (300 days' indulgence.)

VI.

Jesus: No, child, thou art not without faults. No one is per-

Jesus, my Lover

fect, owing to the weakness of human nature. Let Me sit beside thee and hear the story of thy defects. Tell Me all—it is impossible to conceal thyself from Me, for I am thy God. Confide to Me the names of those who have annoyed thee, or who have otherwise caused thee to fall. I will help thee in these difficulties; nay, I will give grace to thy enemies if thou wilt ask Me. Tell me what trial moved thee to impatience; I will help thee to bear thy cross more cheerfully. Tell Me about thy distractions in prayer, and I will increase thy faith and confidence. What idle or unkind word hast thou uttered, or sinful thought indulged in? Why didst thou

Jesus and the Soul

neglect to come to Me sooner? I would have spared thee these failures, for I am always ready to prompt thee with My grace how to combat the enemy.

The Soul: Dear Jesus, help me to heed Thy loving words. When a good inspiration fills my mind, I will follow it, for it is Thou Who sendest it to me. This is Thy sure remedy against the power of Hell and my own human frailty. Help me to accept Thy precious gifts, lest my blossoms be choked with weeds. Henceforth, I will strive to be more pleasing to Thee. How poor am I without Thee! I can see now my own nothingness and unworthiness, regretting I have naught to offer Thee. Yes.

Jesus, my Lover

I have one thing alone. It is my very *nothingness*. Take it then, Lord, for in this gift Thou wilt find a blossom dear to Thy Heart—the violet of humility !

O Mary ! emblem of humility, obtain for thy unworthy child this priceless virtue. Though all the powers of Hell seek to prevail against me, I know thy unfailing prayer will win for me this gift so loved by Him and thee.

“ Jesus, meek and humble of Heart,
Make my heart like unto Thy Heart.”

(300 days' indulgence.)

VII.

The Soul : But oh, my Lord ! would that I who, of myself, am but nothingness could offer Thee of Thy gifts at least a tear

Jesus and the Soul

of contrition. Though I have sinned against Thee, my heart is not filled with that deep sorrow which possessed Mary Magdalen when she washed Thy Feet with her tears. Alas ! where is my costly ointment to anoint Thee ? Where my broken heart ? Give these to me, Jesus ; give me *one tear* of true sorrow.

Jesus : Child, I do not favour every soul alike. To some I give the strength of My love ; to others the sweetness of confidence ; to some the fire of charity. Many have wept bitterly over their sins. Others have tenderly compassionated My sufferings. Some have contentedly passed their lives at My Feet in childlike simplicity.

Jesus, my Lover

Yet all are pleasing to Me. I do not reproach one because she falls short of a better or nobler virtue. Strive thy best to please Me, My child, and I am content. I read thy desire for sorrow ; that is sufficient. Pray much, and reflect on heavenly truths, and I will give to thee what I see is for thy advantage. It may be a cross ; it may be a joy, or the desire for thine own self-improvement. One day thou shalt become more patient—or be exercised therein ; another, filled with the love of Me. Appreciate what I give thee, thanking Me gratefully for all My gifts, as the Israelites welcomed My manna in the desert.

The Soul : Hail, sweet Jesus !

Jesus and the Soul

Hail to Thee, for the nourishment with which Thou hast fed my soul! How tepid—nay, how cold it was ere the warmth of Thy words revived it! O Jesus! mayst Thou ever be *alive* in my heart; for without Thee I am so helpless, so miserable, so weary. Thou art my strength, my joy, my refreshment. Hail to Thee, Thou sweet Son of Mary!

Dear Mother, if I have not the tears of St. Mary Magdalen, I will leave myself in the Soul of Jesus. Even His own tears will blot out my sins, for if I have the grace of true repentance, it will come from His bounty alone.

Jesus, Son of David, have mercy on me. (100 days' indulgence.)

Jesus, my Lover

VIII.

The Soul: Jesus, I know not what hath come over me. I am not myself. Yesterday, I could pray to Thee: to-day I have no prayer to offer. I am so weary; help me, Lord. All Thy sweetness hath departed, and now the enemy is at hand. He sickens my soul with his cruel taunts; he seeketh to oppress me and to fill me with despair. When I lift up my voice to Thee, a dull heaviness comes over me. I do not feel Thee near—and yet, Thou art *closer*, for this Thou hast promised me. The cross presses upon me; I feel not Thy Hand lightening the burden. I am so tired—I cry out to Thee,

Jesus and the Soul

but I hear not Thy voice ; for in each grace which I receive Thou *speakest* to me. I complain, alas ! I lose patience. My words fall bitterly from me. It is too much, Lord ; Thy servant can no longer bear the trial. But still Thou art silent ; though in Thy silence Thou art with me yet.

Jesus : My child, in accepting thy trial with loving confidence, behold Me bearing thy cross with thee ! I love thee better now than in thy joyfulness ; and the joy, too, with which I have filled thee, surpasseth all natural happiness ; for art thou not reclining upon My Heart in this hour ? Thy heart, yearning to pray, hath moved Me ; I was with thee all the while. My

Jesus, my Lover

sweetness sank *in* thee, though thou didst not taste of it until the cloud had passed from thee. The evil spirit thou must despise ; thou must sicken him of his attempts to afflict thee by clinging to Me—even though in silence. Hope in Me ; hope unceasingly. Let thy every heart-beat be offered to Me, for these I will count as thine acts of love and patience.

The Soul : O Mother ! I can well understand thy happiness at the Resurrection when, after the pain of separation, thou didst look upon His Face again. By thy endless joy with Him in heaven, obtain for me the grace of fidelity to Jesus, the Spouse of my soul.

Jesus and the Soul

Mary, our hope, have pity upon us. (300 days' indulgence.)

IX.

Jesus: Dear child, didst thou not sometimes feel weary when, after having followed thy own path in life, thou didst discover it was not the way I had appointed for thee? Thou didst think to find happiness there, so obstinately refused My wisdom and chose that flowery path. And when thou didst return from the falseness of the world, and the misery occasioned by thy own self-will; when thou drewest nigh at My loving call, wast thou not thankful to lean upon My Breast and tell Me of thy foolishness? and how thou

Jesus, my Lover

didst wish thou hadst come at
My first bidding! Do not
grieve, My child, the past is
over; the future begins, blessed
and ruled by Me. Henceforth
My Providence shall watch over
thee. Have no care, my little
Spouse. When troubles oppress
thee, remember that thou art
not forgotten. Complain not,
but resign thyself to My Will.
It is thy want of confidence
which woundeth Me deeply.
Canst thou not trust Him Who
made thee and Who knoweth
well what is best for thee? Can
I not give as well as take away?
Am I not thy Lord, Who loveth
thee better than thou carest for
thyself? "Wait for me," I have
said; for I never disappoint.

Jesus and the Soul

The Soul: How sweet is the Will of God when spoken by Him! How easy to fulfil when He is nigh—so why should I fear? Lord, Thy Will be done. Ofttimes I have complained against Thee. Forgive me this; pity my ignorance. I saw not Thy mercy in the refusal of my petition; I guessed not Thy bounty in putting off the day for the fulfilment of my desires! But now I will trust Thee more, and if I fail again, rebuke me not, but pardon me. Tell me again those sweet words which have given me courage. Teach me once more how to do Thy blessed Will.

Mary, Joseph, who obeyed the Child Jesus your God, in

Jesus, my Lover

accepting from His Hand long years of exile in Egypt ; days of deprivation, hardship, hunger, poverty, contempt of men ; pray for me, that I may be as a child in His Hands ; that when He strikes I may fall at His Feet only to worship Him.

O Sacred Heart of Jesus, Thy kingdom come. (300 days' indulgence.)

X.

The Soul : In order to serve my Lord, I wish to be united with Him even more closely than in my daily spiritual relationship with Him. Yes, I ardently long to receive Jesus *Himself* in my poor dwelling. What is more beautiful than His

Jesus and the Soul

actual Presence within me in Holy Communion? I do not ask Him to come to me because I am holy, it is because I am sinful, and wish Him to heal me of my faults. I am sure He will hear my prayer. I am certain that He will cure me, because He is my Physician, and because He has even given me grace to wish for Him and to be free from sin.

I have heard that He forgives our trespasses in Holy Communion, so I will ask Him to pardon me as often as He comes to me. I will tell Him of my unworthiness, but to "say only the word and my soul shall be healed." I will ask Him for the humility of our Lady, the con-

Jesus, my Lover

fidence of St. Joseph, the love of all His little spouses in Heaven, especially His beloved servant, Sister Teresa of the Child Jesus, who loved Him so tenderly.*

Yes, I will borrow the sentiments of His Mother and the Saints, because I have naught myself to offer Him, excepting my sins, upon which I will beseech Him to sprinkle His Precious Blood, that I may be cleansed from them.

Jesus: Dear child, with what pleasure will I come to thee! It is My delight to be with the children of men. How I wish

* See her Life, written by herself, entitled "The Little Flower of Jesus" (Burns and Oates).

Jesus and the Soul

that every soul on earth would receive Me in Holy Communion! For did I not choose to remain in My sacramental state to be the Food of My poor creatures? How disappointed I am when I see many souls neglecting the Bread of Life! Ah, dear child, do not stay away from Me. Come often, come daily, that I may satisfy My ardent longing to fill thy soul with My grace.

Every day Jesus, being thy Food, will make thee stronger, and will gradually teach thee how to serve Him better. He does not press nor urge a soul; He leadeth her gently. If He urgeth, it is in the moment of danger, when His grace is at hand, to win, to save, or to bring

Jesus, my Lover

back to repentance. I will especially give peace to thy soul, that it may cease from distracting itself with the cares of the world, or even its own failures. I will help thee in all things ; I will be thy Teacher, thy Guide, drawing thee to Me that I may win thy love and friendship.

The Soul : Sweet Mother, do thou prepare me to receive my Jesus. Present me as thy child. Ask for me in particular the gifts of love, confidence, humility, and contrition.

“ O Sacrament most holy ; O Sacrament
Divine,
All praise and all thanksgiving be every
moment Thine !”

(100 days' indulgence.)

Jesus and the Soul

XI.

Jesus: My child, whether thou art in the world or the cloister, I am ever with thee, wooing thy soul. Listen to My tender pleading in order to possess Me wholly. Thou art Mine, for I have created thee. Thou shalt be saved, for I have redeemed thee. Thou shalt dwell with Me in Heaven for all eternity, for I love thee. But thou must ever hearken to My voice, telling thee of the charms of My love. Otherwise, even if thou remainest faithful to Me through life, by serving Me merely at a distance, thou wilt miss the melody with which I wish to sweeten thy

Jesus, my Lover

exile during thy earthly sojourn ; and thou wilt sing no song of praise, for thy loving union with Me is as sweetest music in My ear. Thy faith, too, will grow weak, thy love variable, and half its strength will be lost, since its Object will only be dimly seen by thee, faintly known, and less trusted. See, My child, how even dangerous it is to serve Me from afar. Come closer, therefore, for I love to see thee seated at My Feet, like My dearly beloved servant Magdalen. I am never weary of thy company ; I am even lonely without thee. Come, thou, and cheer My earthly exile, for I love thee dearly.

The Soul : Dear Lord, I am

Jesus and the Soul

here, for Thou hast drawn me to Thee. How sweet it is to repose near Thee! Yes, I wish to stay with Thee always. The blossoms which Thou hast sown in my little hermitage are precious indeed, for they are the gifts of Thy tender wooing. But, left to my care, I may spoil them by neglect, or by exposing them to the danger of temptation. Or I might even exchange them for some worthless, even sinful, pleasure of the world. Dear Jesus, I feel like a child which hath been presented with a valuable casket of jewels, and which must be stored safely away until it is old enough to treasure them. Jesus, keep them for me until I have grown up into

Jesus, my Lover

eternity. Then, and then only, I shall be able to wear with safety these precious gifts of Thine.

Mary, keep this heart of mine, which is the casket wherein Jesus hath placed the jewels of His graces. Being *thy* possession, it will belong to Him!

Recite the Memorare.

Remember, O most gracious Virgin Mary, that never was it known that anyone who fled to thy protection, implored thy help, or sought thy intercession, was left unaided. Inspired by this confidence, I fly unto thee, O Virgin of virgins, my Mother; I come, before thee, I stand sinful and sorrowful. O Mother of the Word Incarnate, despise not my

Jesus and the Soul

petitions, but in thy clemency hear and answer me. Amen. (300 days' indulgence.)

XII.

The Soul: And now, Jesus, since Thou hast become my very own possession, I beg a favour of Thee: I would like to resemble Thee in many ways; to be humble, meek, gentle, patient, unselfish, lovable, kind. This leads me to ask Thee also to give to me especially the gift of *amiability*, for thus, by Thy grace, I may be able to bring souls to Thee. Oh, help me to speak to them of Thee! Show me the way. But first, Lord, give me that sweetness of charity which

Jesus, my Lover

wins souls so easily ; for Thou, by Thy very sweetness, hast won me to Thee.

Jesus : My child, I will gladly hear thy prayer. Have I not Myself filled thee with this desire ? Yes, I will gently instruct thee, and when thou hast learnt thy lesson thou wilt begin thy mission of love. It was to the Apostles that I left the teaching of My Church, but every soul can be an apostle by leading others to Me. This will console Me greatly, and I will reward thee, be thou well assured. But depend not on thyself in this matter, for without Me thou canst not succeed. I will therefore open to thee the treasures of My Heart, showing its ardent

Jesus and the Soul

longing for souls, and its ways and means of winning them. Thou hast only to be My little messenger, leaving to thy kind Master the difficult part of thy work.

The Soul: Mother, dearest, help thy child to be a little apostle. I wish to be attentive, devout, and willing. Offer Him this simple prayer, that He may fill me with His sweetest graces:

“ Soul of Christ, sanctify me !

Body of Christ, save me !

Blood of Christ, inebriate me !

Water out of the side of Christ, wash
me !

Passion of Christ, strengthen me !

Oh, good Jesus, hear me !

Within Thy Wounds hide me !

Never let me be separated from
Thee !

Jesus, my Lover

From the malignant enemy defend
me !

At the hour of death call me,

And bid me come to Thee,

That with Thy Saints I may praise
Thee

For all eternity. Amen."

(300 days' indulgence.)

THE MESSAGES OF JESUS

PART III

THE MESSAGES OF JESUS

I.

JESUS: I would like all men to know Me, and for this object thou must pray daily, and particularly that the work of missionaries may be successful. For thyself, thou wilt, by My good Providence, meet with people who know Me not, and these thou must, so far as thou art able, seek to enlighten. Sometimes an opportunity to speak will not occur, but thou canst always give good example. "Let thy light shine

Jesus and the Soul

before thee." Let them behold the Faith in *thee*. Many are led to Me in this way. Some may inquire about Me, seeking the Truth. To these thou must attend willingly and loyally ; not pressing them, but speaking earnestly and sincerely, and never allowing human respect, nor thy own inconvenience, to hinder thee. Speak freely, act willingly. Be zealous. All is for My sake. I wish to people My kingdom with these souls. It was made for them as well as for thee. One day they will reward thee by their prayers for thy own needs, when they have obtained the priceless gift of Faith.

The Soul : Jesus, how sacred

The Messages of Jesus

is the work Thou hast entrusted to me! I almost fear to accept it from Thy Hands, knowing my own unworthiness, lack of energy, and other hindrances to my apostleship. But if Thou wilt give me what is needed I will not fail to fulfil Thy mission. Bless my tongue, that it may speak Thy word. Guide my mind, that it may accept and follow Thy light. Bless my actions, that they may prove fruitful. Help my endeavours, that they may be persevering.

These graces, my dearest Mother, do thou now ask of Jesus for me.

Say one decade of the Rosary, that Jesus and Mary may make you a true apostle.

Jesus and the Soul

II.

Jesus : My heart hungers and thirsts after the love of men. Here in My earthly Tabernacle My Eyes penetrate the souls who visit Me. In each I behold the grace of Divine Love which hath brought them thither. But beyond, in the outer world, I can see mansion and cottage where people lead godless lives, and even if they believe in My existence they give Me no thought nor utter a single prayer. I have no part in their lives, and yet it is to Me they owe their being, their prosperity, their families, their many joys and consolations. In a word, I am their Lord and God, and yet

The Messages of Jesus

they shun Me and despise My friendship. If they but knew how I long for their affection, for one token of love from them! Day and night I watch over them, grieving at their coldness, neglect and selfishness. No, child, thou canst not bring all to Me, but pray for them fervently that My grace may reach them. And in reparation for the ingratitude of men, and for thy own past transgressions, love Me dearly, and seek to enkindle that flame in the hearts of those around thee. Encourage them to pray. Tell them of My mercy, My charity, My undying affection for each and all. Speak of the love of the Sacred Heart of Jesus. I will send thee many

Jesus and the Soul

opportunities, and thou, child, do thou accept them. And whilst thou enlightenest the ignorant, comfortest the weary, assistest the erring, helpest the doubtful, I will encourage thee by My Presence ; for have I not said, " Where two or three are gathered together in My Name, there am I in their midst " ?

The Soul : My Lord, Thou honourest me truly by asking me to speak of Thee to others. Would that my heart loved Thee as Thy Mother ! Then would I work more ardently in Thy service. Lord, give me some share in her affection for Thee. How sweet it would be to burn with ardent charity for men, like St Dominic, who preached

The Messages of Jesus

Thee far and wide, and founded his holy Order, wherein numerous Saints have lived and died, and where others are daily sanctifying themselves by their ardent labour for souls! I will ask Thy devoted servant to obtain for me his zealous spirit. Or, better still, would it not be glorious, my God, to die a martyr's death in those savage parts where men in their ignorance and cruelty have put Thy missionaries to death? Lord Jesus, if Thou wilt, grant me the martyr's palm.

But no, Jesus seems to say to me: "I prefer that thou servest Me humbly and trustfully, speaking to others when it shall please Me to send thee

Jesus and the Soul

an opportunity. I would rather make thee My *little instrument*, My chisel, with which I can shape and model the souls I wish to save. Thou art but My tool; I, thy Workman. I know thee, and how weak thou art, and that this appointed way is best for thee." Yes, Lord, I am content to be Thy simple instrument—nothing more.

Dear Mary, obtain that I may love Jesus with my whole heart, and may never refuse to stretch out my hand to those who seek and need Him.

Say this prayer for the conversion of sinners :

May the Sacred Heart of Jesus be everywhere loved ! (100 days' indulgence.)

The Messages of Jesus

III.

Jesus : By making Me known and loved by others, thou wilt be able to teach them how to serve Me. For this purpose I have made My Church in which they must worship Me. Lead them to My Feet, and if I find goodwill in their hearts I will lift the veil a little—that veil which hides Me from them. They will *see* naught, except with the eyes of Faith. Tell them of the necessity of prayer, and if they do not know how to pray, give them a few simple lines that they may repeat to Me. If they have not Faith, ask it for them. I will not refuse thy petition, particularly if thou perseverest with thy prayer.

Jesus and the Soul

The Soul : O dear Jesus !
would that I could bring even
one soul to Thee ! Wilt Thou
help me to do this ? I have heard
that each time a creature is drawn
to Thee by the light of Faith and
grace, it is as though a thorn
had been plucked from Thy
crown which cost Thee so much
agony. Oh, that we Thy children
could thus remove every thorn !
Assist me, then, sweet Jesus,
that I may bring many souls to
Thee. Pour Thy grace into
their hearts, and then I know
they will listen to the simple
words of Thy lowly servant.

Dear Mother of God, thou who
lovest us all for Jesus' sake, help
me to instruct others for thine
own honour and the glory of God.

The Messages of Jesus

O Mary, conceived without sin, pray for us who have recourse to thee. (100 days' indulgence, once a day.)

IV.

Jesus : I am the Lamb of God who "taketh away the sins of the world." Dear child, how glad am I to welcome sinners repentant at My Feet, or when they seek Me in the tribunal of Penance! It is then, through My priest, that I forgive their transgressions, and help them to lead better lives. But, alas! there are many, both inside and out of the Fold, who neglect to ask pardon for their sins. Those who have wilfully left Me are

Jesus and the Soul

even more to be pitied. It was for them that I thirsted when I hung dying upon the Cross—nay, I thirsted for all. Child, I thirst still; I do not undergo the bitter agony of Calvary, but hourly, momentarily, I am awaiting My wandering ones' return. Lead them gently in the way that I will point out to thee; for I am always at hand, watching over them and thee. Thy Crucified Jesus is their Love and thine.

The Soul : Yes; yes. Methinks I hear my Lord saying to each ungrateful sinner—

“ Poor little wayward soul ! if thou didst
know
How Jesus longs to make thee white as
snow,

The Messages of Jesus

And set thee free from the dread chain
of sin,

Would not His yearning love thy faint
heart win?

And, palpitating in its joyous trust,
Cause it to sigh, 'My Lord, I am but
dust,

Yet Thou hast drawn me to Thy
wondrous height,

And filled my spirit with Thy holy
light.

Now pardon me, and wash away each
stain,

And let me be Thy faithful child
again.' "

Ah, my Crucified Jesus, save
poor sinners! Save me, save
those whom Thou sendest in
my path by Thy grace. Give
me Thy necessary help. Fill
me with the tenderest sympathy
for Thy ardent longing, so that
my zeal may be enkindled. I
am helpless in myself, but I

Jesus and the Soul

wish to do Thy Will, and thank Thee for choosing me to assist in wiping away Thy tears shed for Thy ungrateful children.

Mary, thou knewest His every pang upon the Cross, ask pardon for me, an ungrateful sinner, and help me to lead others to Him in the spirit of true repentance.

Eternal Father, I offer Thee the Most Precious Blood of Jesus Christ, in satisfaction for my sins and for the wants of Holy Church. (100 days' indulgence.)

V.

Jesus: I have already said depend not on thyself in these matters; therefore thou must first come to Me, telling the need of him whom thou wouldst

The Messages of Jesus

lead to Me. Some are drawn by kindness, others require persuasion, while there are some to whom thou must speak firmly, for not every soul is alike. There are those to whom I have given much grace, and called them time after time, but still they heed Me not. These thou must warn of their danger, for if they obstinately persist in their coldness and neglect, I may withdraw My grace altogether. I am a patient God, but I am just. To-day I send My gifts, to-morrow they are gone. Then there are timid souls who fear to come to Me on account of their poverty of spirit. Encourage them; tell them how tenderly I love the humble of

Jesus and the Soul

heart, and that if they will but draw nigh to Me they will receive the abundance of My grace. There are some who would love Me dearly if they had better opportunity. I know every circumstance of their lives ; I have counted and weighed their trials, and am aware of the difficulties which have prevented their intercourse with Me. They have been nurtured in a cold atmosphere, where the love of Jesus was not known nor felt. Do thou, My child, speak to them of Me, and I will reward thee.

The Soul: O Jesus, let me pour out my heart to Thee. Yes, there are many souls whom I wish to lead to Thee, but the task is difficult ; for although I

The Messages of Jesus

have already spoken to them of Thee, and some have listened and even promised, yet, alas! they have not been faithful to their word. Jesus, I can do nothing for them without Thy grace. In speaking to me of the souls who require firmness, persuasion, encouragement, I remembered those who have crossed my path and who need what Thou hast suggested. Indeed, I feel that Thou didst think of them whilst instructing me. Jesus, Thou knowest them well. I need not name them, but I place all in Thy loving Heart, begging Thee to bless and save them, and to grant me the grace to follow Thy counsel in their behalf. Help Thy little

Jesus and the Soul

apostle. It is such an uphill task alone, and I grow discouraged, faint-hearted, weary, and, I regret to confess, idle. But Thou wilt assist me with my work, for it is *Thine*, which Thou hast loved from all Eternity.

Sweet Mother, strengthen, cheer, and refresh me; do thou urge me on in my mission, for Jesus' sake.

Say the "Hail, Holy Queen," to obtain the grace of perseverance.

VI.

The Soul: Lord, I have made great attempts for Thy sake for the salvation of souls, but, behold, they come not yet, and

The Messages of Jesus

now I am worn out and have lost patience. It seems as though the Evil One destroys all the work which, by Thy grace, I have done in order to draw them to Thee. Scandal and lies have filled their ears to contradict the truths of Thy holy religion. Faith is still wanting in them, and some are slow to act even though they have the Faith. One holds it in her hands, but keepeth afar from Thee; another puts it off until the morrow; another busies herself with the world, believing this to be her only necessity. Thus, despite the prayers and struggles of Thy poor child, she hath naught to offer Thee, but a failure. What is to be done, Lord, in the matter?

Jesus and the Soul

Jesus: My child, have patience, even as I have shown patience with thee. Have I not drawn thee to Myself many a time when all seemed lost with thee? Can I not treat these souls in like manner? Did I not overpower St. Paul, even in the very midst of his sins, and make him a Saint and an Apostle? Did I not captivate the heart of the wayward Magdalen? Will I not, in a flash, if so be My will, heal the blindness of my creatures? Do not thy prayers move Me? Hath not My Mother power over Me?

The Soul: Jesus, I will be of good heart. Thou art with me, and wilt never leave my side. I will depend on Thee for help,

The Messages of Jesus

confide in Thee; and may my very patience win from Thee the salvation of those souls so dear to Thee.

Mary, my dear Mother, help me to persevere in my good resolutions.

Say the Litany of Jesus for this intention.

VII.

Jesus : My child, in dealing with others, follow the same manner in which I have dealt with thee. My interest in thy welfare hath never flagged; so, too, must thou interest thyself in the cause of those around thee. I have borne with thy weaknesses; remember that the soul of man is frail and change-

Jesus and the Soul

able ; therefore reproach not the poor sinner who transgresses, or who to-day is not so fervent and willing to follow Me as yesterday. Compare his lot with thine. Is it not the same ? Canst thou expect from thy fellow-creature what thou canst not do thyself ; or can he excel in that in which thou art yet imperfect ?

To win the confidence of thy neighbour attend to his concerns with a willing ear. Sympathize with his sorrow ; condole with him ; say a cheerful word when thou art able, and when thou seest an opportunity refresh him with some heavenly truth. Do not overpower him with this rich nourishment ; give him but small

The Messages of Jesus

draughts until he is able to drink more freely and fully. Draw him to Me even in the things around him; the circumstances of his life; his natural gifts; his friends, his enemies, whom he must forgive for My sake. God is everywhere, tell him; and presently, listening to thee, and aided by My grace, he will seek Me himself, gladly and willingly.

The Soul: Jesus, Thou art kindness itself. Thou, whom the elements obey; Thou Who commandest the ocean waves to advance and retreat; *Thou* askest me to help Thee win Thy creatures to Thee! Knowing that Thou hast chosen to hide Thyself in the obscurity of the Tabernacle, I feel—nay,

Jesus and the Soul

I know, I must speak for Thee. I will be Thy messenger, then, my Jesus. Say to me Thy word, and I will deliver it to those whom Thou wishest to save through my poor efforts. What a great work Thou hast entrusted to me—so small, so insignificant a creature! I ask one favour of Thee: it is that Thou wilt let me shrink into my nothingness. Then do Thou speak, rule, guide, command—in a word, do with me what Thou wilt.

Mary, help me to carry His word to those to whom He wishes to send it.

Jesus! Mary and Joseph!
(Seven years and seven quarantines.)

The Messages of Jesus

VIII.

Jesus : When thy friends will not visit Me, My child, come to Me in their place and tell Me of their needs. I will take compassion on their ignorance, pride, neglect, thoughtlessness, stupidity. Yes, I will send them My grace—though they ask it not of Me themselves. I love to see thee constant for their sakes ; I am moved by thy tender pleading. Thou shalt not ask in vain, for whilst thou conversest with Me, heart to heart, I will think of My absent ones. But when do I forget them ? Have I not thought of them from all eternity, as of thee, kneeling before Me ?

Jesus and the Soul

Pray on, child, for though all is silence within the Tabernacle, My *grace* speaketh to thee. It is I Who move thee to pray, hope, and watch before Me.

The Soul: Jesus, let me, bowed down before Thy lowly Shrine, plead for those dear ones who will not visit Thee. I know not what to say for them. My heart is full, yet can utter no word. Speak for me. Tell Thyself their needs. Put the right phrase on my tongue. I shall then feel more confident that Thou wilt hear me, and that Thou hast chosen them for Thyself, despite the obstacles which separate them from Thy service. Knowing how generous Thou art, I will ask with con-

The Messages of Jesus

fidence what Thou wilt put into my heart to say.

O Mary, they are thy children; pray for them! My sweetest hope lies in thy prayer, for thou never refusest those who have recourse to thee.

Say the "Hail Mary" thrice for the conversion of sinners.

IX.

The Soul: Dear Lord, I feel so dry to-day. I have lost interest in myself and those around me. I cannot desire their salvation, or, if I still possess the desire, I feel it not within me. My soul is tired, and seems unable to care for those whom Thou lovest so dearly. I dare not reproach

Jesus and the Soul

their coldness and neglect, because the same temptation hath come to me. Jesus, help me in this difficulty ; let me at least lie down quietly at Thy feet, offering my stupidity for the needs of the souls Thou dost cherish.

Jesus : My child, that of which thou complainest is painful to thee. Tell Me, which wouldst thou prefer : a joyous heart, moved to prayer, thy whole spirit bounding within thee, delighting in My Presence, and filled with confidence in the fulfilment of thy desires, or this feeling of weariness ? Thou wilt naturally choose the first-mentioned state. Well, dear child, that which thou enjoyest within thee is My grace. To-

The Messages of Jesus

day I have withdrawn it, but I have not forgotten thee, for beneath the heavy torpor of thy soul lieth My beautiful gift of *Faith*, and if thou wilt hearken to Me, thou wilt fear nothing, but bear with patience and resignation thy weariness. I am content that thou shouldst lie at my feet, devoid of care.

The Soul: Dear Mary, I am so consoled by Jesus' words. To-morrow, perhaps, the sun will shine again; that is to say, thy Son will smile on me, though His countenance is ever benign, and His Heart is burning with love for thy children and His.

My sweetest Jesus, be not Thou my Judge, but my Saviour. (50 days' indulgence.)

Jesus and the Soul

X.

Jesus : My child, I love every soul that I created. Each holds a distinct place in My Heart. During My Passion I thought of every individual person in such a manner that My sufferings were borne as though for *one alone*.

But among my special children, among those of whom I am ever thinking and pleading before My Father, are the unfortunate heretics who have been robbed of their Faith by wicked men who set up a false religion, schismatics who will not acknowledge the Holy Father as Head of the Church, the unhappy Jew who knoweth

The Messages of Jesus

not that Christ hath come and awaiteth his conversion; the poor pagan who worships false idols, which can neither see, hear, nor help him.

Though thou canst not preach the Gospel to all, My child, thou canst pray for them. Pray earnestly and unceasingly, therefore, that the light of My grace may shine upon these wanderers.

Then there are My strayed sheep, who have unhappily forsaken Me. Those whom thou thyself knowest and lovest, strive to bring back to Me. How gladly will I welcome their return! Lift up thy heart to Me for the repentance of all.

And remember the dying.

Jesus and the Soul

Think how every moment of the day which passeth beareth a soul beyond the gates of Death. Ah, pray for them, that at the last hour they may die in My grace. Pray especially for hardened sinners, for I would not the eternal loss of any of My dear children.

The Soul : Jesus, for these will I pray ; yea, since Thou commandest me to do so. Though I am poor and lowly in Thy sight, I know that Thou wilt hearken to my petitions, and that they will even gladden Thy heart.

And I will not forget the poor souls in Purgatory. My daily prayer shall speed them to Heaven, that thus, while they enjoy that happiness which “the

The Messages of Jesus

eye hath not seen nor the ear heard," Thou wilt the more be praised and loved, in the multiplying of Thy celestial Kingdom.

Lord, give me the true spirit of prayer—that prayer which faltereth not, nor heedeth distractions. Let my voice pierce the heavy clouds which oft-times darken my soul. Then, despite all, Thou wilt hear me, and Thy Heart will grant that which Thou hast promised.

Mary, my dear Mother, pray with me and for me, that we, poor sinners, may find grace and rest in the Bosom of Christ, thy Son.

Mary, Mother of God, and Mother of Mercy, pray for me

Jesus and the Soul

and for the departed. (100 days' indulgence, once a day.)

XI.

Jesus : Dear child, it is My wish that thou shouldst practise the corporal and spiritual works of mercy. They are : *To feed the hungry*, by never denying a crust of bread to the starving one. *To give drink to the thirsty*, remembering how I have promised to reward whosoever shall offer Me a cup of cold water, for am I not always with the poor—and their voice is *Mine*. *To clothe the naked*, by distributing, so far as thou art able, warm garments to those who need them. *To harbour the harbourless*, by sheltering some

The Messages of Jesus

poor creature who is without a home. She may not share thy house, but thou canst offer her an alms. *To visit the sick*, when thou art able, offering them a kindly cheering word for My sake. *To visit the imprisoned*, by at least praying for those whom the law of justice hath detained, for in thy petition they will find comfort and grace, which I will send them. *To bury the dead*, by fulfilling this office if it should be thy duty to do so.

The Soul: Lord, these counsels I will follow according to Thy light, and the opportunities Thy Providence may send me. They are, indeed, beautiful works, and will be blessed by Thee. Give

Jesus and the Soul

me a loving and cheerful heart, that I may fulfil all that Thou wishest me to do.

Mary, offer to Jesus my daily actions, particularly those which are prompted by the good Providence of God.

O Sacred Heart of Jesus, Thy kingdom come. (300 days' indulgence.)

XII.

Jesus: But dearer to Me are My spiritual counsels, because they draw souls closer to Me and spread My grace abroad. Most of these thou hast learnt, in gathering them from My instructions, which concern the welfare of the sinner, whom I would convert; the ignorant,

The Messages of Jesus

whom I would teach ; the doubtful, whom I would assure. I have asked thee, too, to pray for the living and the dead. But there are hearts bowed down with sorrow and affliction which thou must console in My Name and for My sake. It is as though thou didst take My place, because it is not My Will to manifest Myself openly to My creatures, so I send to them My messengers of comfort and love. And then there is the "bearing of wrongs patiently," even as I bore the false accusations of those who hated Me during My Passion ; the "forgiving of injuries," in imitation of My generous pardon of My murderers when I lifted up My voice

Jesus and the Soul

on the Cross, saying, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

Dear child, I know how difficult it is to bear the cutting word, the unjust accusation, and how even more difficult is the pardon granted to those who afflict thee. But here is thy consolation—the rougher the path, the greater the merit. And again, nothing is difficult to him who placeth his trust in Me.

The Soul: Jesus, these are the things which trouble and weary my soul; the things which go against nature. Thou knowest how painful they are to me. Thou canst see how unbearable to Thy servant are unjust words,

The Messages of Jesus

and that the grace to forgive cometh from Christ alone. So I will depend on Thee for these precious gifts, all the more dear to me because I seem to have no part in them. Doth not my very helplessness appeal to Thee? Thou knowest well how frail I am, but I am confident that Thou wilt bind the failing plant close to Thy Heart.

No path will be difficult to follow when Thou art by my side, and the thorns which prick, and the briars which wound the tenderest parts of my soul, will be brushed aside while Thou pointest out to me that the surest and swiftest road to Heaven lies here.

Jesus and the Soul

Mary, my sweet Mother, help me to bear my crosses patiently.

Come, O Holy Spirit, fill the hearts of Thy faithful, and kindle in them the fire of Thy love. (300 days' indulgence.)

XIII.

Jesus: Dear child, it is sad to see one soul provoking another to sin, and I beg thee never to take part in this. He whom thou afflictest might be striving to serve Me better, and thou wilt only drive him back. Since I have told thee how dearly I love My children, and how I long to possess each and all, take thou My words to heart and heed My warning.

The Soul: Jesus, I will strive

The Messages of Jesus

to obey Thee, and by my good example to lead others to Thee. I will also check any careless words which might injure them. Lord, guide me, and this Thou wilt always do if I have recourse to Thee.

“ Mother of God, to thee I give
Myself, that I for Christ may live :
My thoughts, to dwell on Him with
love ;
Mine eyes, to lift their glance Above,
Despising things of earth and ill—
And looking to His Holy Will ;
My tongue, to praise Him, and to
speak
His words to all who counsel seek ;
My hands, to work for Him alone ;
My feet, to walk before His Throne ;
My heart, for evermore to beat
For Jesus and His Mother sweet.
Amen.”

My loving Jesus, out of gratitude to Thee, and to make re-

Jesus and the Soul

paration for my unfaithfulness to grace, I (*N.N.*) give Thee my heart, and I consecrate myself wholly to Thee, and with Thy grace I propose never to sin again. (100 days' indulgence, once a day, and a plenary once a month if said daily with a contrite heart.)

XIV.

Jesus: My Saints will help thee to lead a life of grace with Me if thou wilt ask them this favour day by day. It is sweet to share their companionship, and I assure thee that if thou bearest them in mind thou wilt never be lonely, and in thy darkest moments, when thou feelest no longer in union with

The Messages of Jesus

Me (though, dear child, unless thou art separated from Me by grievous sin, thou wilt ever repose on My Heart) turn to My faithful ones—those who wear bright crowns upon their heads and shining robes—and they will obtain for thee whatsoever thou askest of them. Their prayers are most pleasing to Me, and I will fill their outstretched hands with the graces for which they beseech, and thus thou shalt be enriched.

Thou hast a plentiful choice in My Saints, for they are numerous. St. Thomas of Aquinas will obtain thee a deeper and truer love for Me in the Blessed Sacrament; St. Agnes, the gift of purity; St.

Jesus and the Soul

Joseph, the spirit of confidence ;
St. Mary Magdalen, sorrow for
sin and the grace of penance ;
St. Gertrude, devotion to the
Sacred Heart ; all my tender
Spouses—those sweet virgins
who consecrated their lives to
Me—fidelity in My service and
perseverance in grace. My holy
martyrs will assist thee in temp-
tation ; St. Benedict will defend
thee from the snares of the devil ;
St. Anthony will draw thee
lovingly to My Holy Infancy.
But all My Saints will pray for
thee, for their desire is that I
should be better known and
loved, and that My Kingdom
should come down into every
heart.

The Soul: Jesus, adoration of

The Messages of Jesus

the Saints, I will honour them for Thy sake, and with great joy will often have recourse to them. I thank Thee for having granted to Thy weak child their sweet and holy companionship. Above all, I will turn to Thy dear Mother, Mary, who reigneth in highest bliss, far above the Saints and Angels, and she will pray for me, that I may imitate her, and Thy holy servants, by serving Thee faithfully all my life.

“ And when the day is done, and I
Shall lay me gently down to die,
Be there, sweet Mother, to enshrine
Thy child's poor fainting heart in thine.

“ Keep back the foe, dispel all fear ;
Obtain for me a contrite tear,
Humble, confiding, let me be,
Then, bear me to Eternity !

Jesus and the Soul

“And at the Judgment, plead the cause
Of her who trespassed Jesu's laws ;
That soon I may be cleansed, and then
Dwell with my Lord and thee. Amen.”

Jesus, Mary, and you, O good
Joseph, bless us now and at the
hour of our agony. (50 days'
indulgence.)

THE END

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